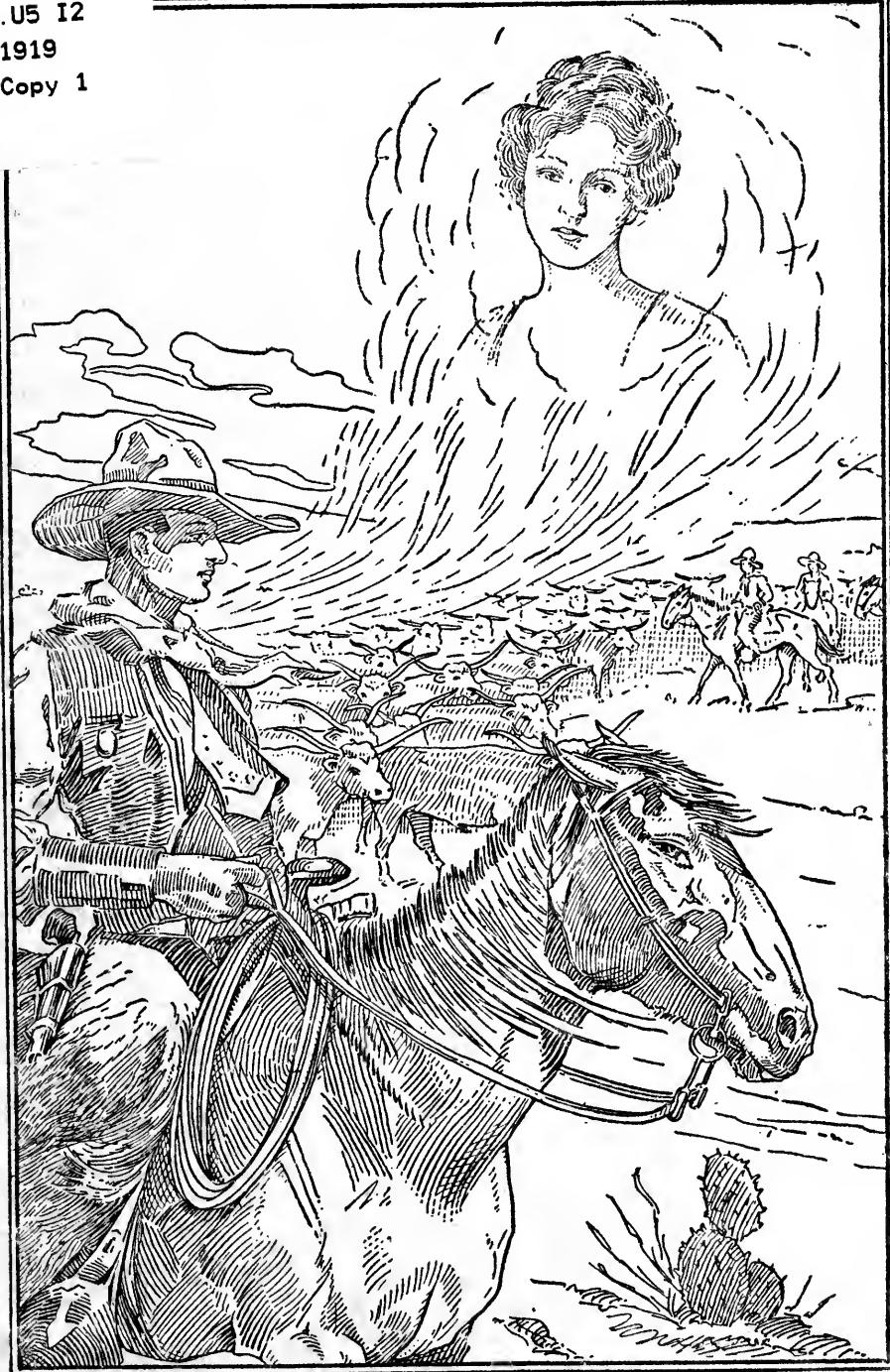


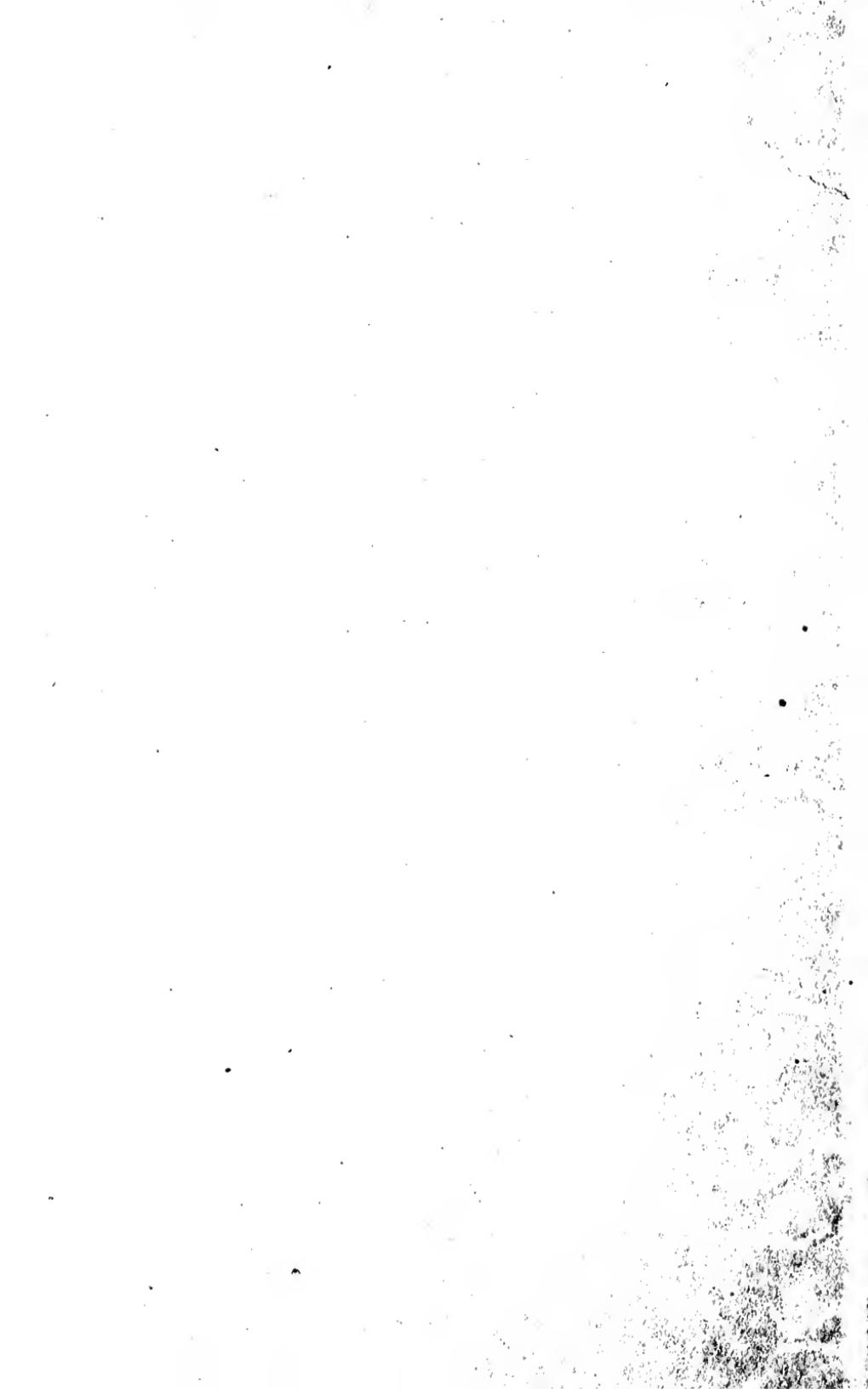
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I Want a Woman With a Soul

and Other Poems

By ARTHUR LESTER RUNYAN



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By A. L. RUNYAN
Omaha, Neb.

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A VISION OF YOUTH

As I am riding along on a Northwestern line,
A-watching the fields with their crops so fine,
The farmers at work in the early morn,
A-mowing the hay and plowing the corn,
And the children on their way to school
Are wading in a shallow pool.

The cattle feeding in the pastures green
Is one of the grandest sights I've seen.
And it takes me back to boyhood day
To a little farm in Iowa;

Back to that grove of maple, where we used to swing for hours,
Back to the woods along the stream, where we gathered teacher flowers,
Back to those fields of clover and the gentle waving corn,
Back to the dear old farm, the place where I was born.

Years have passed since those days and my hair has turned to grey,
But I would give most anything to be a boy today,
To hear the bells a-ringding as the cows come home at night,
To be a boy among the boys and fly a long-tailed kite.

To hear the robin and the lark as they sang their songs of love,
To hear the chuckle of the squirrel and the cooing of the dove,
To get up early in the morn, when the air was fresh and cool,
We'd take our books and dinner pails and scamper off to school.

And when the day was ended and we were home once more,
We'd find our mother waiting in that same old kitchen door.

When supper it was over and the chores had all been done,
We'd have a game of some sort — Yes, those were days of fun.
But youth has flown; old age is here, and I am bending at the knee,
But it does me good to see such sights, for I know the life is free.

A MONUMENT TO A NATION'S BROKEN HEART

I stood at the top of the great Eiffel Tower,
And gazed o'er the city of Paris,
The sun sank at rest in the golden west
And the atmosphere was fairest.

I watched the lights as they shone so bright
In the depths of the river Seine,
And the arch of triumph erected there
That honored soldiers slain.

I thought of the streets that once flowed with blood,
Until it nearly made me swoon.
I could hear the groans of the dying,
As I looked on Napoleon's tomb.

I thought of his suffering army on the trip from old Moscow,
Of the soldiers starving, freezing in that deep and bitter snow,
Of the city all in ashes, of the families that had fled,
Of the soldiers that were dying and those that were left dead,
Of that once grand army all in rags, with their hands and feet
so bare—

And I wondered if Napoleon had heart enough to care.

I could see him at Waterloo, when he gave the fatal order.
When horse and hero rushed to death, just across the border.

I could hear the roar of the cannon, as it fired off its load,
I could see the fate of the Cavalry, as they reached the hidden road,
I could hear the cry of the soldiers that never got across,
I could see Napoleon weeping, when he realized he'd lost.

And I thought of those wives made widows, when the news had reached
their ears,
I could hear the moans of sweethearts, and see the children all
in tears.
And I thought of the hearts he'd broken, of the money he had spent,
And the Isle of St. Helena where he finally was sent,
And I wondered why they brought him back and built that tomb
of Art;
Unless it was a monument to the Nation's broken heart.

TIME HAS MADE ME SAD

Time has made me sad for it has robbed me of my Youth,
And separated me from Home where I was taught the Truth.
It has robbed me of a Mother who was noble, kind and true,
That loved to teach her children the proper things to do.

Methinks, I hear her reading those same old stories through
And telling us when we grew up what she would like to have us do.
At times I hear her calling bedtime and breakfast boys
And my heart is filled with sadness in the place of boyhood joys.

I see her in the garden with her snow white locks so fair,
Among the roses pink and red, that always blossomed there.
I think of mother living and those dying words I heard her say:—
“My Son, we’ll surely meet again beyond the great white milky
way.”

‘Tho Time has had no mercy and has gone a mighty pace
But I never will forget the smiles on dear old mother’s face.
I miss those good-night kisses and the prayers she used to say.
And I would give up health and fortune to live with her one day.

NOTHING'S TOO MUCH TROUBLE FOR A FRIEND

Nothing's too much trouble for a friend, for a friend that's your friend,
Not for what you have to lend, but a friend that's your friend
When you need a friend.

The friend I mean is the kind of a fellow,
When you're down and out that won't turn yellow,

But will pick you up and say "Old scout,
Right about face, this way out,"

And he'll help you, shoulder arms to fight,
That's the kind of a friend that's right.

For a friend like that you can slave and toil,
He's worth more to you than standard oil.

For a friend that's your friend,
Not for what you have to lend, nothing's too much trouble.

Copyrighted and Published, March 1, 1913

THE WHITE SLAVE

I know my life is ending, for my heart is beating slow,
But I want to speak a word or two before I have to go.

I've lived a life of sorrow, a life of scarlet shame,

But if you knew the circumstance I'm sure you wouldn't blame.

My father was a drunkard, and was drunk most all the time,
And mother died and left us when I was just past nine.

I struggled hard for bread enough for myself and little Ben,

But he was taken with a fever and died when I was ten.

And when they laid him in his grave I covered it with sod,
And knelt there and prayed for strength to the Almighty God,
To help me live a life free from sin and vice,
For I was all alone in a world as cold as ice.

Then for months and years I toiled until I was seventeen,
I was the picture of my mother, and as pure as any queen.

But one day a villain who claimed to be a man

Said he would protect me and love me for my hand.

Day after day he came with those same sweet words of love;
He called me his Lily, his Venus, and his Dove,

He sang me songs of love till my heart beat fast within,

And I threw my arms about his neck, for I dearly worshipped him.

He'd lavished love upon me until I gave my heart away,
Then he brought me to this place and I've been a White Slave until
today.

We got here in the evening — I would say perhaps 'twas eight,
And I wondered if my love for him could ever turn to hate.

He said, "Wait here, my Darling. My Venus never fear,
For I will get the license and bring the preacher here."

But ere the clock struck nine he had returned with lunch and wine.

He said that he was sorry but the court house it was closed,

And he couldn't get the license until tomorrow, he supposed.

But he said, "You mustn't worry, nor allow yourself to fret,
For you and I will be as one before tomorrow's sun has set."

So we ate our lunch together and everything was fine,

And for the first time in my life my lips were stained with wine.

And, after I had drunk it my brain was in a whirl,

And before the sun had risen I was a ruined girl.

When I awoke I found he'd left, that he'd broken every vow;

And I'd pierce his heart with a dagger, if I had him here right now.

You ask what made those bruises, and those scars upon my breast;

Why, I've been kicked and pounded the same as all the rest.

Oh! if you but knew the suffering of girls in all such places,

I'm sure you'd publish far and wide, for they are National Disgraces.
But do you think St. Peter will admit me to the place

Where I can meet my mother and Bennie face to face,

Or will he say, when he knows my life of shame,

"We cannot have you here, girl, for you were all to blame."



I WANT A WOMAN WITH A SOUL

Were you ever out on the Western Plains,
With nobody—but the boys;
And your heart just longed for a home of your own,
With a wife, some kids and their toys.

For a home of your own where the grass is green
In some shady little nook,
With her as your queen and you as her king,
And the children your laughing brook.

When you've followed the herd for days and days,
Through the dust and blinding heat
And you're stiff and sore from your hat rim down
To the soles of your aching feet.

And the horse you ride is tired too
You can feel it in every step.
You do not mind it while he's fresh,
But when he tires you lose your pep.

And the food you get is not the kind
That mother used to make
And you swear the poorest cook on earth
Is that fellow Sagebrush Jake.

I've ridden the ranges for fifteen years
And I'll tell the world it's hell
To never hear a woman's voice
Or the ring of the old church bell.

I've seen the leaves come out in May
And dry up in the Fall;
I've watched the birds mate up this Spring.
And I guess I've heard their call.

So I've sold my cattle and said goodby
To the boys of the open air,
And I've money enough to buy a home
And support a woman fair.

But I want a woman that wants a home
As bad as I want one,
That's willing to enter the valley of death.
For a daughter or a son.

That's the kind of a woman I want
And I want her on the square —

I want a woman to be my pal,
Like the boys of the open air.

For they are as true to you
As the needle to the pole,
And I want a woman of that sort,
A WOMAN WITH A SOUL.

Composed, March 23, 1919
Commodore Hotel N. Y. City

THE INVITATION OF A DOLLAR

If you care to see the world, just take a trip with me,
For I have the passport to any land or sea.
I'm as welcome as the sunshine to merchant, peasant, queen,
And there isn't a city in the whole land,
That I haven't sometime seen.
I've been in every known game from dominoes to chess,
And if you'll take a trip with me I'll show you all the rest.
I've made the Kings bow down to me,
And pick me up with care, and wipe the mire from my face,
And kiss my silvery hair.
Many a beggar I have fed, that didn't have a cent.
I've been lost, borrowed, stolen and lent.
I know the paths of the underworld with their sin and crime and gore,
You'd think that I'd be tired, but I want to travel more.

I'm not alone in this old world, I've millions of relation,
And if you care to see the world, accept my invitation.
For as long as I am with you, I'll always be your friend,
For I'm A Silver Dollar, and will be to the end.

TO THE STORK

Long live the Stork,
The Bird of Joy
That brings us
Either girl or boy.

That makes no choice
Of rich or poor;
That he'll arrive
You may be sure.

Dedicated to the American Boys who fought and fell with the Canadian Forces.

HE FELL WITH HIS FACE TOWARD BERLIN

America! America! And all you represent,
The day is not far distant for your stupor you'll repent,
You're the land of my forefathers, the home of my birth,
No grander a country on God's given earth;
And yet — I leave your shores in disgust and join the Canadians
To fight for what you claim you are — LIBERTY.
I hear the call of downtrodden Belgium and bleeding France,
The cry of mutilated, starving children, the moans of outraged
Womanhood, I see Washington and La Fayette before the Goddess of
Liberty, begging her support, I hear the voice of Lincoln calling
You to arms to save Democracy. I see you in your slumber dreaming
All is well, while all about you the fiends of Autocracy are
Planning your destruction and I can stand the strain no longer..

So while you slumber I will go,
And pit my life against your foe,
And if I live to get a Hun
I've done my duty as your Son.
But you'll awake from out your trance
And pay the debt you owe to France.
And when you reach the firing line,
Alive or dead, I still am thine;
If I'm alive, with you I'll be
If I am dead — ETERNITY.
And if perchance you find the spot
Where I have fallen weep you not —
Just put up a stake and tack on a tin,
“He fell with his face toward Berlin.”

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L
<i>If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.</i>	



NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
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RECEIVED AT

AKRON, OHIO, April 2, 1917.

UNCLE SAM,

Washington, D. C.

Care of Congress.

Dear Uncle Sam: If you ever drew the sword to beat a foe,
 Why do it now, and call the Boys and off to France we'll go;
 Let's plant the Stars and Stripes upon the fields of blood-stained sod,
 And show the World that we are for Humanity and God.

I know how hard that you have tried to keep out of this thing,
 But when they murder your Children and then go away and sing,—
 "We never did nor do not now, want any war with you,
 "And will not have, if you will stand for anything we do."

There never was a time in the history of your Life,
 When you've had as just a cause for to join a bloody strife:
 And remember, Dear Uncle, that France sent LaFayette,
 So now, in Her dark hour of need, you can pay up that old debt.

And the sooner that Congress gives you a helping hand,
 The quicker will the crowned heads go, and the People rule the land.
 Congress, please let Uncle go.

The above telegram was sent night letter, April 2nd to Uncle Sam.
 Congress let him go on the 5th and he arrived in France on the 13th.
 Notified LaFayette he was there, and the crowned heads disappeared Nov. 11, 1918.

HERE I AM, BOYS, BACK

Did you ever meet a woman, boys,
That just made your blood race wild
With hair as black as a raven
And features as sweet as a child?

When a glance from her eye or a smile from her lips
Would make every nerve in you creep,
And she looked so like an angel
As she lay there fast asleep.

Dressed in a Chinese costume
From her head to her dainty feet,
Why boys, I can't describe her,
There's no words half so sweet.

I've ridden the ranges, blazed the trail
And with the savage fought;
I wanted a woman with a soul
And she was the one I thought.

But she laughed at me and my western ways
And one day when she answered the 'phone
She said "Here's your coat and your hat A. L.,—
My husband will soon be home."

Well, I felt like a wolf on the prairie
That's sneaking here and there.
When I found she had a husband,
And I in his home and chair.

So here I am boys — back,
Back on the River Maw,
And I guess that I'll be satisfied
To take myself a squaw.

For you know the law of the ranges
Is to be on the square and aloof
And I couldn't stand the feeling
Of a sneaking prairie wolf.

When I sold my cattle and said goodby
I had a handsome roll,
But I spent it on a woman,
And one without a soul.



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